THE OLD SLATE.

I came upon it yesterday up in the garret old,
A homely object, yet to me 'tis worth its weight in gold;
Its frame a little set awry, its body cracked, you see—
But as I held it in my hands what scenes came back to me!

Upon its surface long ago I solved the problems dread
For masters who are sleeping now beneath the flowers dead;
And many a message here I wrote for only one to see—
The little lass who used to sit across the aisle from me.

I found initials in the frame by jack-knife lettered there,
They stand for one who was to me the fairest of the fair;
And every mark upon the slate that cruel time has spared
Recalls some lesson which in youth that fairest lassie shared.

Ah, here's the crack which long ago was was made by Jerry Call
When to the floor my precious slate he purposely let fall;
We did not speak for near a week, his mischief caused me pain,
But when he drew me from the creek we friends became again.

How often o'er this ancient slate with many a scar and nick,
I wrestled with the myst'ries of the old arithmetic;
How proud I used to hold it up whenever I was right,
But when I failed how glad was I to keep it out of sight!

What victories from my "Webster" on this old, old slate I won;
What little rhymes I used to write when other toils were done;
How in my seat behind the stove the muse I tried to woo,
And glibly wrote of "roses red" and violets soft and blue!"

I seem to see those little rhymes upon its surface now;
I seem to catch some cherished names breathed oft with boyish vow;
And 'round me from the misty past where recollections meet.
I hear the merry patter of a score of youthful feet.

I see the stern old masters, kind for all their stately ways;
They brightened though sometimes they clouded o'er my boyhood days;
And, grateful, I would weave a wreath and place it where they lie
With folded hands to-day, beneath the gentle, starlit sky.

I hear the merry laughter of the girls we used to swing
Beneath the hoary beach that cast its shadow o'er the spring;
But from among them all there comes from out the far away
A sweet and loving face upon the olden slate to-day.

The pencil of my memory brings out every graceful line,
Until there stands before my gaze a figure half divine;
And neither sponge nor moistened hand, with mischief all elate,
Can rub a single lineament from off my treasured slate.
The spiders shall not spin again their filmy silver thrall
Across the old slate resting long against the garret's wall;
I'll set it in the sunshine like a queen in vestments fine,
For it whispers of a boyhood which to-day seems half divine.

—T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

THOSE M'CARTHY BOYS.

BY GEORGE ADE.

Mrs. Skinner's brother James was late at dinner time. The others were at the table when he came. His sister rebuked him mildly and said it wasn't her fault if the soup was cold. He replied with great enthusiasm that the soup was "just right," and, to prove that he meant it, he consumed his entire portion. Then he leaned back and looked inquiringly at his nephew Willie, who had been scolded twice already for whistling at the table.

Uncle Jim winked and little Willie began to snicker.

Willie—I did.

Uncle Jim—Did you?

Willie—Yes; and you ought to have heard Ed McCarthy laugh.

Uncle Jim—What did the teacher do?

Willie—Oh, she didn't do much. It made her kind o' mad, I guess. She said: "I'll declare, Willie Skinner, you're one of the worst boys in the school."

Mrs. Skinner—What's this all about?

Willie—Aw, it ain't much. Uncle Jim taught me to speak a piece that he used to speak when he was a kid.

Mrs. Skinner—When he was a boy.

Uncle Jim—It's a good piece, isn't it, Bill?

Mrs. Skinner—James, it sounds awful to call a little boy by such a name as that. What was it you spoke, Willie?

Willie—Aw, it was just a piece.

Uncle Jim—You must remember it. It's about the captain's daughter. "We were crowded in the cabin," and so on.

Mrs. Skinner—Yes, of course. Did you teach it to Willie?

Uncle Jim—You ought to hear him. Go on and speak it for them, Bill.

Willie—Aw, I don't want to now.

Uncle Jim—Go on. I'll bet your father wants to hear it; don't you, Tom?

Mr. Skinner (taking a sudden interest)—Yes, of course. What is it?

Uncle Jim—I knew he wanted to hear it. Your mother will like it, too.

Ethel—I guess he's forgotten it.

Willie—Aw, forget it! I know it easy. It's just:

"We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul had dared to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters
And the storm was on the deep.

"'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder:
'Cut away the mast!'

"And as thus we sat in silence,
Each one busy with his prayer,
'We are lost!' the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stair.

"But his little daughter jollied him,
As she took his icy mitt.
'Ain't you afraid?' the captain cried,
And she bodly answered: 'Nit!'

"So we—"

Mrs. Skinner—Willie Skinner! Stop that this minute! Well, Thomas, I think that you, at least, ought not to laugh at anything of that kind. He's bad enough without being encouraged. (To Willie) Did you get up in school to-day and recite that piece?

Willie (half-frightened, but also emboldened by Uncle Jim's winks)—Wy, yes. Ain't it all right?

Mrs. Skinner—Willie Skinner, you're getting too old to play innocent. You knew that wasn't in the piece.

Willie—Uncle Jim said it was.

Mrs. Skinner—Well, it seems to me your Uncle Jim is all the time trying to get you into trouble. I should think you'd find him out after awhile.

Uncle Jim—Why, there's nothing bad in what he said. It was just a little variation on the old verse.

Mr. Skinner (trying to keep a straight face)—What did your teacher say, Willie?

Willie (encouraged by his father's mirth)—Oh, gee! She was hot under the collar!

Mrs. Skinner—Willie Skinner, where do you learn such language?

Uncle Jim—What did she do?

Willie—Aw, she just stopped me and made me go back to my seat, an' said next time she'd send me home.

Mrs. Skinner—If I'd been your teacher I'd have whipped you good.

Willie—Ho! Ho-ho! That just shows all what you know. Teacher can't whip kids any more. Any teacher that whips a kid gets fired— that's what Ed McCarthy says.

Mrs. Skinner—Well, Ed McCarthy needs a whipping if any boy ever did.

Mr. Skinner—It's a good thing for you that you haven't got my old teacher. If you tried one of those funny recitations on him he would have tanned your jacket.

Willie—Huh! I'd like to see some teacher lick me!

Mrs. Skinner—I wish sometimes that teachers could inflict punishment. I know if I was a teacher I'd whip those McCarthy boys if I lost my job the next day.

Ethel—When we're bad in our room the teacher sends us home.

Mrs. Skinner—That must be terrible punishment for some children.

Uncle Jim—I'll bet Bill would hate to be sent home one of these pleasant afternoons.

Willie—Aw, I wouldn't care.

Uncle Jim—Would you come right home?

Willie—Aw-w-w! One day way last summer Ed McCarthy kep' on throwin' paper wads so the teacher would send him out, 'cuz he wanted to see a ball game, an' I guess she was on to him, for she didn't send him home at all. She put him in the corner and made him stay after school, an' then all us kids waited to holler at him when he came out, an' he was so mad he run after Bob Ellsworth an' chugged him right in the stomach an'—

Mrs. Skinner—Willie, you'd better eat your dinner. You can finish that some other time.

Uncle Jim—Who is your teacher now?

Willie—Aw, it's ol' Miss Sanders.

Mrs. Skinner—Willie! Don't let me hear you speak in that manner of your teacher again. Do you hear?

Willie—I guess if you had to go to school to her every day you wouldn't be so stuck on her.

Mrs. Skinner—Never mind talking back. If you have anything to say about her, call her Miss Sanders.

Uncle Jim—Do you love your teacher?

Willie—Aw, keep still.

Uncle Jim—Why, every little boy ought to love his teacher. Ethel loves her teacher, don't you, Ethel?

Ethel—I liked her the first day.

Willie—Oh, gee! You can do anything you want to the first day. We thought Miss Sanders was a dandy when she first come, but she's got so cross now us kids can't do a thing.

Mrs. Skinner—No wonder. You boys would spoil the temper of a saint. It's bad enough to take care of one. I don't know what I'd do if I had 20 on my hands.

Uncle Jim—You'd do what Miss Sanders does. You'd put up with them as long as you could and then send them home.

Mrs. Skinner—Well, I'd get even with those McCarthy boys. I'm sure Willie would never have got to reading those cowboy stories if it hadn't been for them.

Uncle Jim—Probably Mrs. McCarthy thinks it was Willie that led her boys astray.

Mrs. Skinner—Indeed! I don't see what reason she has to think anything like that. Willie behaves himself very well when he keeps away from those boys. They are always getting him into some trouble.

Mr. Skinner—I'm afraid they don't have to pull at him very hard.—Chicago Record.

Making Railroads Smoother.

The fact that within the past 15 years two-thirds of the unevenness in railroad tracks has been done away with on certain lines was discussed at a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences. The improvement has been brought about principally through new designs and methods of manufacture of rails. A "track-indicator" car, traveling 20 or 30 miles an hour, sums up the inequalities, the "ups and downs," in the rails for each mile traversed. Formerly the "total inequality" per mile amounted to six or seven feet, even for the best roads; now it has been reduced to only 18 or 20 inches, and this remnant is said to be due to dents in the rails. It was pointed out that the improvement, which may be carried farther, brings with it heavier locomotives and cars, longer trains and higher speed.—Youth's Companion.

Had Her Fixed.

Dobkins—You don't seem to be in any hurry about going home to-night, old boy.

Fogg—No; the fact is I shall find my wife in angelic temper, no matter how late it is. She was going to a fortune teller this afternoon.

"Yes?"

"Don't you see? I went there before and gave the fortune-teller a fiver. Of course Mrs. F. will ask about me, and of course I shall get my five dollars worth. See?"—Boston Transcript.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL

The Great Exposition Will Open Its Gates May 1.

A Scene of Splendor Whose Completeness Has Never Been Rivaled —General Reduction in Railroad Rates.

[Special Nashville (Tenn.) Letter.]

The Tennessee centennial at Nashville, considered as a spectacular effect, has one marked superiority to the late Columbian exposition at Chicago. In the white city there was no sense of depth. It was all foreground. In whatever direction one looked there was nothing whatever but lath and plaster, gilt and tinsel. Nowhere could one look out beyond the temporary splendor of the passing hour and rest one's imagination with a glimpse of the permanent and the historic. Now at Nashville things are different. Standing on the "Rialto" here and facing eastward one beholds a great white statue of Athenae, beyond her the replica of the Parthenon, and beyond that and round about white arches, glittering domes, reaches of pale green waters, deep green stretches of lawn that have golden tones in the sunshine, brightness, lightness, long perspectives of white wall, shadowy darkness in arch after arch, a world of gleam and glitter, a fascinating, insubstantiality that has sprung suddenly out of the earth, and shall return whence it was digged. But this is not all. While standing on the Rialto wheel about and face eastward. The direction of the bridge is continued in a broad avenue that falls away straight in front of you among shelving lawns and scattered trees. It curves to the left and disappears. The eye, however, still ranges on. Bright sunshine and blue sky overhang a wide valley, and beyond the valley there are many houses. Among them low-lying clouds of smoke blend hazily with the blue of distance and billow upward along a ridge crowded with buildings. Here and there a tower shoots high above the haze. A spire top catches the sunlight and glitters like a jewel. Straight in front of you, at the very center of the view, crowning and dominating the whole vista, veiled a little by gray smoke, softened by the blue of the horizon and backgrounded by blue of heaven, there is uplifted against the clouds the historic state house of Tennessee.

The scenic value of this imaginative undertone, so to speak, which is possessed by the Nashville exposition, cannot be overestimated. So speaks Nathaniel Stephenson, of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, who visited the exposition grounds last week. In the course of a most brilliant piece of word painting he said:

"And here in the midst of the battlefields, where Tennessee made such a valiant attempt to break from the strong bond of the national union, she is now celebrating her original entry into that estate. A new day is dawning, not only literally as the visions of the night fade away, while the shadows begin to lift, but figuratively, in the choice of the event to which this southern state asks all the world to do honor. If the darkness in the shadow of the Parthenon has its ghosts of war and ruin, the brightness that is succeeding it brings forth the white statue of Athens, and thus

"'The old order changes, giving place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways.'

"But now the darkness of the night has changed imperceptibly to an altogether different one, the darkness of the dawn. You have not yet become aware of any increase of light. What you have realized is a vague, uncanny feeling, as if things fixed and immovable were slowly drawing near you. Large, dark shapes of buildings are stealing gradually into the range of vision. Great bulks of blackness take on form and distinctness and resolve themselves into towers, domes, porticoes. Bit by bit the very air itself is playing the same strange trick. The starshine is falling steadily nearer to the earth. A blue, never seen at any other hour of the 24, glimmers downward from the descending stars and makes the whole atmosphere one endless starry shimmer. This is neither night nor morning, but the most mysterious of all the hours, the hour before the dawn, when the ordinary conditions of life do not exist. You feel that you are no longer upon earth, but wandering about the streets of some dream city, tenanted by you known not what and located in some far place unexplored by man.

"The buildings loom vaster and vaster as the blue shimmer grows steadily deeper. The dome of the Agricultural building is crowned by the stars themselves. The tower of the auditorium springs away into the very heart of heaven. The pillars of the Parthenon have the height of mountains. The statue of Athens is some immeasurably vast creature which is not to be approached.

"And all these monsters of the dawn have the strange effect of being asleep. They are buildings no longer, they are living creatures wrapped in dead slumber, gazing eastward with sightless eyes, that will be awakened by the dawn. Perhaps it is the continuous though imperceptible changing of the degree of distinctness in their details, due to the steadily growing light in the heavens, that produces this uncanny effect of being alive. But however produced, it is there. So real is it that one catches one's self treading lightly for fear of waking these enormous creatures that are all about one."

In concluding his letter Mr. Stephenson says: "The men who conceived this building must have had qualities which it perpetuates, sweetness, nobility, loftiness, calmness, strength. There was Tennyson's ideal of

"'That gentleness
That when it weds with Manhood makes a man.'

"And looking at all this, at what the Parthenon signifies as well as what it embodies, captivated by the matchless serenity of its charm, realizing its contrast to the Nineteenth century, one asks again: 'To what result is all this pageant of American material progress going forward?'

"And one turns hastily away lest one look too long upon the unattainable and lose heart and despair of his generation."

The great Remenyi apparently thinks in the same lines as Mr. Stephenson. They are both painters, artists of high renown, only one paints in music and the other in words. Both are poets, one with concord of sweet sounds, and the other with the rhythm of words. Remenyi says, as he stands tremblingly before the replica of the Parthenon: "Whose idea was this?" and when told that the idea originated with Maj. E. C. Lewis, the director-general, he said: "Where is he?"

The women who have made the woman's department an accomplished fact deserve more than passing mention. They have labored like heroes for nearly two years, and have spared neither time, money or exertion, to make their work a success of international character. The president of the woman's board is Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, a lady especially gifted for the office. Mrs. J. N. Brooks is chairman of the sales department, Mrs. James P. Drouillard is vice president of the board, Miss Ada Scott Rice is secretary, and Mrs. M. B. Pilcher is chairman of space and classification. The architect of the Woman's building is Mrs. Sara Ward Conley, artist, architect and art critic, who is a native of Nashville. Mrs. G. H. Ratterman, chairman of the patents' committee; Mrs. J. Hunter Orr, chairman decorative and applied art; Mrs. Ann Snyder, member of the general committee; Mrs. Paul McGuire, chairman of the ways and means committee. The women's congresses will be a feature of the centennial. The congresses, while general, are already classified, so that those interested in a particular subject can attend a course without consuming much time. In the departments there are education, music, art, home and literature. The lectures will be free and are intended to be philanthropic in character. They are also intended to serve another purpose. They will afford a fitting theater in which a thinking public can see and listen to the eminent women of the state. Of those there are scores who through patience, industry and ability have attained distinction and who are entitled to be known and loved by the nation as well as by the commonwealth in whose interest they have served so long and well.

The meeting of the railway passenger men at Nashville, the other day, was watched with great interest, for it was known that the object of the meeting was to decide upon the rates to the Tennessee Centennial exposition.

It was one of the most harmonious meetings ever held by that body, for they each knew that the motives that had prompted the enterprise were directed for the general good, and not for the benefit or aggrandizement of any individual or corporation.

The members of the passenger association, with the liberality that has always characterized their movements when the interests of the general public are concerned, determined to aid the Exposition association in their great work, and the consequence is that the rates are more advantageous, from every standpoint, than any that have ever been offered before. In fact, the fares have been placed at such a low figure that the Tennessee Centennial exposition, the national event of the current year, can be visited by everyone, for all obstacles have been removed.

It was agreed that the railway fares to the exposition should be placed on a sliding scale, and regulated by zones of from 25 to 50 miles each.

In the first zone of 50 miles the rate for the round trip will be 3 cents a mile.

From 51 to 100 miles, 2¾ cents per mile.

From 101 to 150 miles, 2½ cents per mile.

From 151 to 200 miles, 2¼ cents per mile.

From 201 to 275 miles, 2 cents per mile, with 50 cents added.

From 276 to 300 miles, 2 cents per mile, with 75 cents added.

From 301 to 350 miles, 2 cents per mile, with $1.50 added.

The fare, however, is in no instance to exceed 80 per cent. of the rate one way, on the zones from 201 to 350 miles.

For military companies and bands in uniform, of 25 or more, the rate will be two cents a mile, plus arbitrary, for the round trip. The same rate applies to schools, when accompanied by teachers. These rates limit the use of tickets to seven days after the date of issue.

A rate of one cent per mile, each way, short line mileage, plus arbitrary, for the Association of Confederate Veterans, whose annual reunion will be held in Nashville, June 22, 23 and 24, has been agreed upon.

The rates at hotels, restaurants and boarding houses are the lowest ever offered; and for meals, in numbers of instances, the price has been reduced from 20 to 25 per cent., and good living was never cheaper anywhere. The good people of Nashville have profited by the grave mistakes made at Atlanta and Chicago, and the prevailing sentiment is to keep the people here and induce them to come again, and not to permit them to go home dissatisfied and disgusted. There is no danger of anything running short; the supply whence resources are drawn is unlimited, and the adjoining territory is so rich in all the good things of earth that there will be no appreciable diminution in the stock on hand.

—Toothpicks prepared by nature are a product of Spain and Mexico. A comparatively small plant in Kew Gardens was estimated to have 17,600, and a large specimen in the same place could have had no fewer than 51,000.

—You may soon be able to go from Cairo to the pyramids in (shades of the Pharaohs!) a trolley car.

UMBRELLAS AND CHARACTER.

Feminine Dispositions Revealed by Methods of Handling Them.

Two men who sat near the window of a downtown hotel a few days ago whiled away the time by watching the women go by and commenting on their umbrellas.

The storm had abated about an hour before and the sun had peered through a rift in the clouds, but for all that the first pedestrian went stalking past with her umbrella still held aloft.

"That woman," said one of the men, "is as patient as Job. She is not a student, absent-mindedly poring over book lore, but a housekeeper who is so taken up with thoughts of what she is going to get for supper that she doesn't know it has stopped raining. People who forget to lower their umbrellas when the sun begins to shine always are. That girl just behind her who has already taken time to fold her umbrella neatly, even though it is soaking wet, is going to be an old maid. She is narrow-minded, too. The next one has bound the folds down, but it looks uneven and bulging. That woman's children will always look dowdy, but she will nurse them successfully through innumerable attacks of croup and rash, and no family in town will have better things to eat.

"That short woman with her umbrella flopping this way and that will always be poor, because she will give away everything as soon as she gets it. Hers isn't altogether a commendable generosity, either, for it is caused more by lack of power to say 'no' than by an inherent desire to help her fellow-creatures. That dark woman with the tip of her umbrella trailing downward and backward at an angle of 45 degrees is malicious. I wouldn't trust her out of my sight. She'd say something mean about me the first chance she got. The one who carries her umbrella swung carelessly over her shoulder is a happy go-lucky individual who will always have a good time, not because she earns it, but because the world owes it to her, and she is going to have her rights.

"Do you see that woman who holds her umbrella at right angles to her body and sticks the sharp point ahead like a bayonet? She's one of the kind that sets the world afire. She has more energy in a minute than most people have in a year. A woman who swings her umbrella as she walks is prone to dilly-dally—she never knows her own mind, and no difference how well she may pretend to like a person, if another speaks ill of him in his absence she will generally side in with the calumniator. At any rate she will say nothing in his defense. She who trails her umbrella along in her wake is untidy and inclined toward low principles. The one that holds the stick upright and keeps tapping it on the pavement every little while is a good person to tie to; she has strength and honesty. There comes a woman carrying her umbrella under her arm. She's my wife and I won't say anything about her."

His companion looked at the little man's wrinkled, perplexed face and smiled. He fancied he knew what the verdict would have been had the woman only been somebody else.—Chicago Tribune.

GERMAN COURT BALLS.

The Waltz Is Still Danced at the Court of Stuttgart.

A few years ago the minuet and the gavotte were the special dances of the Berlin court, the kaiser himself having taken a special fancy to them. Somehow they did not find much favor in society, as young people prefer waltzing, and, after all, the old-fashioned dances, like a good many old-fashioned habits, are all very well when the actors are dressed in the clothes of the period and resemble in mode of thought and carriage of body their great-grandparents. But few young people are like their forefathers. There was some reason for the introduction of a fanciful and picturesque dance at the grand festivals of the imperial court, especially as very special rules prevailed there. It is well known that the late Kaiserin Augusta strongly objected to waltzing, and so does the court of Berlin. The consequence is that a kind of gallop was invented for Berlin—a two-timed movement, danced to the music of the waltz, but not at all resembling the old deux-temps waltz. In Mecklenburg the waltz is never danced at all at court, the reason for this being, as it is said, that the Grand Duchess Marie does not like dancing. Moreover, almost everywhere at German courts the slow waltz was looked down upon as bad style. Good style depends upon the leaders of fashion, and so the slow waltz has been pronounced as the correct kind to be danced at the court of Stuttgart this winter. Both the queen and her stepdaughter are very fond of waltzing; her majesty has ordered that the waltz is to be danced slowly at the court balls now, as is the custom in Vienna.—London Telegraph.

Saved Again.

Mrs. Bimley met her husband in the hall and gave him a good hug and kiss.

"O, George," she said, "I'm so glad you've come. Your slippers are by the fire, and I have a nice hot supper for you, and some of that quince marmalade you like so well. When you are away I'm so lonely I don't know what to do, and I thought I would ask you if—"

"Here," said Bimley, hurriedly drawing from his pocket a $20 bill, "this is for the spring bonnet, and I'll have that set of diamond earrings sent up first thing in the morning. Don't say a word; you are perfectly welcome."

Later on Bimley wiped the perspiration from his brow and muttered to himself:

"Got that visit from her mother headed off once more, but it comes high."—Detroit Free Press.

A Base Insinuation.

Conductor—I can't use a bill that is torn like this.

Passenger—You might turn that one into the company.—Brooklyn Life.

HUMOROUS.

—Mrs. Pancake—"I can't see why a great, big fellow like you should beg." Hungry Hank—"Well, mum, I s'pose me size helps to gimme an appetite."—Truth.

—The whiskers of the walrus extend three or four inches from the snout. It would appear that the walrus aims to be the populist of the sea.—Boston Transcript.

—On His Guard.—Dr. Powder—"Ah! How are you to-day, Mr. Glimp?" Glimp—"Do you ask as an inquiring friend or as my family physician?"—Philadelphia North American.

—"The writer's name must accompany every communication," said the editor to the man who had handed in a little piece signed "Constant Reader." "I see," replied the man. "You don't want to get the world involved in controversy about the authorship of a second series of Junius letters."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

—Woman's Way.—"You women," said he, in the peculiarly exasperating way a man has of saying those two words, "you women buy bargain things because they are cheap." "We do not," said she. "We buy cheap things because they are bargains." The distinction was almost too subtle for the blundering masculine intellect, but it was there. —Indianapolis Journal.

—All She Wanted.—"My dear madam," said the professor of music, "your daughter has no sense of melody and no instinct for time. She couldn't play. And she has no voice, therefore she cannot expect to sing." "Well, of course," was the complacent reply, "those facts are drawbacks, but you can go on giving her lessons, just the same. I don't care about her performing or singing, as it would maybe take her away from home. All I want is for her to learn enough to make a comfortable living as a teacher."—Washington Star.

FASCINATIONS OF POISONS.

Men Who Make Cyanide of Potassium Are Strangely Tempted to Eat It.

There is a factory in London that makes only the deadliest poisons known to chemistry. Last year it produced 1,000 tons of cynaide of potassium. Five grains of this is sufficient to kill a man. In one room of the factory a visitor found tons of this deadly poison. It resembles very closely white crystallized sugar. The visitor remarked to the manager: "It looks good enough to eat."

"Ah," replied the manager, gravely, "that is just one of the dangers we have to guard against. For some inexplicable reason cyanide of potassium exercises a remarkable fascination over the men engaged in its manufacture. They are haunted by a constant and ever-recurring desire to eat it. They are perfectly alive to the fact, however, that to give way to the craving would mean instant death, and are consequently usually able to resist it. But not always. During the time I have been here three of our best and steadiest workmen have committed suicide in this strange manner, impelled thereto apparently by no cause save this mysterious, horrible longing. I myself have felt the same strange lust when I have been long exposed to the cyanide fumes, and have had to leave the works for a time in consequence. So well is this curious fact recognized that there are always two men at work together in this branch of our business, and a jar of ammonia, which, as you may know, is the antidote to the poison, is kept constantly near at hand."

Apart from this remarkable infatuation, which may be likened to the desire experienced by many people when standing on the brink of a precipice to throw themselves down, the manufacture of potassium cyanide is not particularly dangerous. Neither is it unhealthy. In fact, it is asserted that men have gone into the cynaide house ill and debilitated and in a short time have been restored to robust health.—N. Y. World.

Didn't Want to Be King.

The family life of the reigning household both at Athens and at Deceleia is said to be exceptionally happy. A story is told, well illustrating the extent to which democratic feeling has taken hold even of the king's sons, to the effect that as the children were playing together one day they got to talking about what they were to do when they grew up, and the crown prince said to his brother: "Oh, George, you be king when you are grown up; I don't want to." Neither did Prince George want to be king, and both decided that it was a disagreeable fate. Now one has been at the head of the Greek fleet, and the other has been sent in command of the land forces to Larissa. I recall well that one day when I was walking along the Odos Amalias, or Amelia street, with my wife we saw the crown prince and crown princess also out promenading on the street; and what a tall, fine-looking fellow he was!—blond, and very large, erect, and in uniform.—President William E. Waters, in Chautauquan.

The Cannon Car.

Military journals express interest in an invention by which it is proposed to arm a self-moving car, driven by a 16 horse-power engine, with two rapid-fire cannon, mounted on pivots so as to sweep in all directions. Having four broad-tired wheels, it is claimed that the car can run across a level country (barring fences, of course) at the rate of 45 miles an hour. Terrible pictures are drawn of the havoc that such cars could make on a battlefield. Only one man is needed to operate the car and its cannon, and he is protected by strong steel shields.—Youth's Companion.

When Smelts Were Burned.

Recent experiments by the curious at Portland, Ore., have revived recollections of a primitive light used in the early days of the settlements along the Columbia river, when the residents called smelts candlefish. The dried smelts burn as well as candles and give off an appetizing odor.—N. Y. Sun.